

# Songbook

A decorative flourish in white, centered below the title. It features a heart on the left, a treble clef in the center, and a quill pen on the right, all connected by elegant, swirling lines.

ARE YOU READY FOR THIS?

ARE YOU READY FOR THIS?

ARE YOU READY? ARE YOU READY?

ARE YOU READY?

HAVE YOU LONGER ADEQUATELY PREPARED  
FOR THIS?

DID YOU CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY  
THAT "THIS" MIGHT BE SOMETHING  
YOU'D HAVE TO PLAN FOR?

ARE YOU READY?

[Go ahead]

Who needs a band?!

Who needs a band when you rock a microphone?

Who needs a band when you rock it on your own?

Who needs a band when you rock it at home?

Who needs a band? Who needs friends?

Emi  
D/E  
C/E  
In our modern free-spoken society

There is a word that we still hold taboo

A word with a terrible history

Of being used to abuse, oppress and subdue B7

Emi

Just six seemingly harmless letters

Arranged in a way that will form a word

With more power than the pieces of metal

That are forged to make swords

A couple of Gs,

An R and an E,

An I and an N

Just six little letters, all jumbled together

Have caused damage that we may never mend.

Emi

And it's important that we all respect

That if these people should happen to choose

To reclaim the word as their own

It doesn't mean the rest of you

Have the right to its use. B7

Emi9

So never underestimate

The power that language imparts

Sticks and stones may break your bones

But words can break hearts

A couple of Gs

(Geez unless you've had to live it)

an R and an E,

(Even I am careful with it)

An I and an N,

In the end it will only offend

Don't wanna have to spell it out again. B7

Emi D C B7

Emi D C B7  
Only a ginger can call another ginger ginger.  
Emi D C B7  
Only a ginger can call another ginger ginger.  
C  
D  
So listen to me if you care for your health B7 (alt)  
You don't call me ginger 'less you're ginger yourself.  
Emi D C B7  
Only a ginger can call another ginger ginger.

Emi G  
When you are a ginger, life is pretty hard  
C F7  
The years of ritual bullying in the school yard,  
Emi G  
Kids callin' you ranga and fanta pants  
C F7  
No invitation to the high-school dance.

Emi G  
But ya get up and learn to hold your head up  
C F7  
Ya try to keep ya cool and not get het up  
Emi G  
But until the feeling of ill has truly let up  
C B7  
Then the word is ours and ours alone, don't ya know

Only a ginger...  
So if you call us ginge, we just might come unhinged  
If you don't have a fringe with at least a tinge of the ginge in it  
Only a ginger...

Now listen to me, we're not looking for sympathy  
Just because we're sensitive to UV  
Just because we're pathetically pale  
We do orright with the females

Yeah I like to ask the ladies round for ginger beer  
And soon they're running their fingers through my ginger beard.  
And dunkin' my ginger nuts into their ginger tea yeah.  
And asking can they call me Ginge  
And I say: "I don't think that's appropriate"

Cos Only a ginger...

All the ladies, they agree, it's a fact:

Once you gone ginge, you can't go back.

Only a ginger...

You can call us Bozo or firetruck

You can even call us carrot top or bloodnut

Yeah you can call us matchstick or tampon

But fuckin' with the G-word is just not on.

If you're a gingerphobe and you don't like us

We'll stand up to the fight if you wanna fight us

But if you cut yourself you might catch gingervitis

So maybe you should shut your funky mouth.

Gmi F Eb D7  
Cos only a ginger...

So if you call us ginge, you can't whinge if you're injured

If you don't have a tinge of the ginge in your minge.

Gmi  
Only a ginger...

And I know my kids will always be clothed and fed  
Eb Eoz

Cos Pappa's gonna be bringin home the ginger bread  
F

And they'll be pretty smart because they will be well-read  
D7/F#

And by read I mean read and the other kind of red.  
E7

Ami G F E7(alt)  
Only a ginger can call another ginger ginger

Ami G F E7(alt)  
Only a ginger can call another ginger ginger

Ami G F E7(alt)  
Just like only a Ninja can sneak up on another ninja

Ami G F E  
Only a ginger, only a ginger, only a ginger

Are you listening-a?

I'm not pointing the finger  
F

I'm just having a singa  
G E7(alt)

I am just reminding ya

That only a ginger can call another ginger ginger.

[hand's wisdom is vox] →

Bb7 (alt)  
Ami!!

Love Jesus

G → C

| Love Jesus  
| Love Jesus  
| Hate Faggots.



46k

46k

46k



107

107

107



## The Good Book

Life is like an ocean voyage and our bodies are the ships  
And without a moral compass we would all be cast adrift  
So to keep us on our bearings the Lord gave us a gift  
And like most gifts ya get it was a book.  
I only read one book but it's a Good Book don't you know  
I act the way I act because the Good Book tells me so  
If I want to know how to be good it's to the Good Book that I go,  
Cos the Good Book is a book and it is good and it's a book.  
I know the Good Book's good because the Good Book says it's good  
I know the Good Book knows it's good because a really Good Book would  
You couldn't cook without a cookbook and I think it's understood  
You can't be good without a Good Book cos it is good and it's a book and it is good for cooking choo.

I tried to read some other books but I soon gave up on that  
The paragraphs ain't numbered and they complicate the facts  
I can't read Harry Potter cos they're worshipping false gods and that  
And Dumbledore's a poofter and that's bad cos it's not good.  
Morality is written there in simple white and black  
I feel sorry for you heathens got to think about all dat  
Good is good and Evil's bad and goats are good and pigs are crap  
You'll find which one is which in the Good Book cos it's good and it's a book and it's a book.

I had a cat she gave birth to a litter  
The kittens were adorable and they made my family laugh  
But as they grew they started misbehaving  
So I drowned the little fuckers in the bath  
When the creatures in your care start being menaces  
The answers can be found right there in Genesis.

Swing your partner by the hand  
Have a baby if you can  
But if the voices in your head  
Say to sacrifice your kid  
To satiate your loving God's  
Fetish for dead baby blood  
It's simple faith the book demands  
So raise that knife up in your hands.

Before the Good Book made us good there was no good way to know  
If a thing was good or not that good or kind of touch and go  
Then God decided he'd give writing allegoric prose a go  
And so he wrote a book and it was generally well-received.

The Telegraph said "This God is reminiscent of the Norse"  
The Times said "Kind of turgid, but I liked the bits with horses"  
The Mail said "Lots of massacres - a violent tour de force"  
"If you only read one book this year, then this one is a book and it is good and it's a book."

Swing your daughter by the hand  
But if she gets raped by a man  
And refuses then to marry him  
Stone her to death.

If you just close your eyes and block your ears  
To the accumulated knowledge of the last 2000 years  
Then morally, guess what? You're off the hook.  
And thank Christ you only have to read one book.

Just because the book's contents  
Were written generations hence  
By hairy desert-dwelling gents  
Squatting in their dusty tents  
Just because what heaven said  
Was said before they'd leavened bread

Just cos Jesus couldn't read  
Doesn't mean that we should need  
When manipulating human genes  
To alleviate pain or fight disease  
When deciding whether it's wrong or right

To help the dying let go of life  
Or to stop a pregnancy when it's  
Just a tiny blastocyst

There's no reason that we should take a look  
At any other book but the Good Book cos it is good and it's a book  
And it's a book and it's quite good.

Good is good and evil's bad and kids get killed when God gets mad  
You'd better take a good look at the Good Book.

GROOVE: Kmi: Fmi | Dmi: 7b5 G7alt: !!

(Cmi) | Fmi: | Dmi: 7b5 | G7alt | Ab | Bb ||

IF I DIDN'T HAVE YOU

If I didn't have you to hold me tight (if I didn't have you)  
If I didn't have you to lie with at night (when I'm feelin' blue)  
If I didn't have you to share my sighs  
And to kiss me and dry my tears when I cry  
Then I really think that I would have somebody else

Your love is one in a million, you couldn't buy it at any price  
But of the nine point nine nine nine hundred thousand other possible loves  
Statistically some of them would be equally nice  
Or maybe not as nice but say smarter than you  
Or dumber but better at sport or tracing  
I'm just saying I really think that I would probably have somebody else

If I were a rich man, diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle dee  
I guess I could be with a surgeon or a model  
Or a rell of the royals or a Kennedy  
Or a nymphomaniacal exhibitionist heiress to a large chain of hotels  
If I were a rich man maybe I would fiddle  
Fiddle diddle diddle with them rich man girls  
I'm not saying that I'd not love you if I was wealthy or handsome  
But realistically there's lots of fish in the sea,  
And if I had a different rod I would conceivably land some.  
Even though I am fiscally consistently pitiable  
And considerably less Brad Pitt than Brad pitiful  
Am I really so poor and ugly that you think only you could possibly love me?  
And I really think that I would probably have somebody else.

And look I'm not undervaluing what we've got when I say  
That given the role chaos inevitably plays  
And the inherently flawed notion of fate  
It's abstruse to deduce I found my soul mate at the age of 17  
I's just mathematically unlikely that at a university in Perth  
I happened to stumble on the one girl on earth specifically designed for me

And if I may conjecture a further objection  
Love is nothing to do with destined perfection  
The connection is strengthened, the affection simply grows over time  
Like a flower or a mushroom or a guinea pig or a vine  
Or a sponge or bigotry or a banana  
And love is made more powerful by the ongoing drama of shared experience  
And the synergy of a kind of symbiotic empathy or something..

So I trust it goes without saying that I would feel really very sad  
If tomorrow you were to fall off something high or catch something bad  
But I'm just saying I don't think you're special  
I mean I think you're special but you fall within a bell curve  
I mean I'm just saying I really think that I would probably have somebody else

I think you are unique and beautiful, you make me happy just by being around  
But objectively you would have to agree that baby when I found you  
Options were relatively thin on the ground  
You're lovely but there must be girls as lovely as you  
And maybe more open to spanking or table tennis  
I'm just saying I really think that I would probably have somebody else.

I mean I reckon it's pretty likely that if for example my first girlfriend Jackie  
Hadn't dumped me after I kissed Winston's ex-girlfriend Nia  
At Steph's party back in 1993  
Enough variables would probably have been altered by the absence of that event  
Which is to say that there exists a theoretical, hypothetical, parallel life  
Where what is is not as it is I'm not your husband and you are not my wife  
And I am a stuntman living in LA married to a small blonde Portuguese skier  
Who when she's not training does abstract paintings  
Practices yoga and brews her own beer  
And really likes making home movies and suffers neck-down alopecia

But with all my heart and all my mind I know one thing is true  
I have just one life and just one love and, my love, that love is you  
And if it wasn't for you, darling  
I really think that I would probably have somebody else.

If I didn't have you someone else would do.

→ | Fmi: 7 | Gmi: 7 | Abmi: 7 | Gmi: 7 | Fmi: 7 | Gmi: | Ab | Bb | ...

# CONFESSIONS

## 1. feminism

I believe that women have the right to walk the streets at night  
without being afraid for their lives

I believe a woman has the right to choose what happens to her body  
Without suffering the judgement of the conservative right

And I believe that a woman has the right to wear the clothes she likes  
Without being treated like dirt

And I believe we men are pathetic how we seem to judge aesthetic  
As the measure of a woman's worth

I'm ashamed on behalf of my sex for making women feel like objects

## CHORUS

Fuck I love boobs though, I just really love them

Fuck I love boobs though, I just wanna rub them

They're just so jooby, they make me feel groovy

I would rather watch boobs than a movie

Be doop be doo. I just really like boobs.

## 2. poverty (altruism)

I believe the people are entitled to basic human rights  
Whether they are rich or they're poor  
I believe a world where no children are starving  
Is a world worth fighting for

And I try to remind myself, even when I'm struggling  
How incredibly lucky I am  
And I don't think it's ok that the luxuries I care  
Should come at the expense of my fellow man

I'm sure I could do a little more  
To alleviate the suffering of the poor.

## CHORUS

Fuck I love boobs though.  
I just really love them  
I don't really mind if I am behind  
Below or above them.

They're just so jubbly  
They make me feel lovely  
I'd rather own boobs than a pub  
Be doop be doop doop doo doo doo  
I just really love boobs.

## 3. environmentalism

I believe the planet that we live in is a living organism  
And we must treat her carefully  
I don't think we can assume we can just go on consuming  
Her resources indefinitely.

The earth's not a bottomless pit  
And we can all do our little bit.

## CHORUS

Fuck I love boobs though  
I just really care for 'em  
They're equally fun when they're aged 21  
Or octogenarian.

They're just so flappy  
They make me feel happy  
I'd rather eat boobs than a bap  
Be doop be doo  
I just really love boobs.

Evolutionary theory says bosoms are buttock-like protrusions

"designed" to evolved to tempt men in situations when

They can't get a glimpse of your bum

I find such hypotheses dumb. It's like the one that says

Lipstick is for making your lips look more

Like the lips of a happy vagina

Since they said that I can't look my great aunt in the eye

Why'd they have to say that, oh why?

From that first little suck of colostrum

To the grope of the the nurse in the old people's hostel

We're just fucking monkeys in shoes

And I-e-I-e-I

Will always love boobs.

# CANVAS (FRICKIN') BAGS (man)

F Fmi C G  
 take your canvas bags when you go to the supermarket  
 F Fmi C  
 why use plastic ones when you know  
 you know the world can't take it?

F Fmi C G/B  
 take your canvas bags when you go to the super-  
 market, market, market.

F Fmi C  
 don't you use those plastic ones no, no, no!  
 don't you know you'll feel better for it? (G#0)

Ami F  
 take your canvas bags, take your canvas  
 C G  
 bags take your canvas bags to the super market:  
 (ad nauseam)

RAVE: just think about the world & how the world would be fantastic  
 if we got rid of all the plastic  
 we just need to get enthusiastic  
 organize a competition, gymnastic  
 or a bag-making comp' at your school,  
 fuck it! make it interscholastic  
 canvas is for everyone, whether you be rebellious or iconoclastic  
 or conservative or ecclesiastic  
 I don't care if you're loud & bombastic  
 or quiet or virtually monastic  
 sober or on the floor spastic  
 a yoga-master or completely inelastic  
 i'm not trying to be ironic or sarcastic  
 do something drastic, rid the world of plastic.

"BEARS DON'T DIG ON DANCIN'." by tim '88



[CH] Bears don't dig on dancin', they just don't dig it.  
 Bears don't dig on dancin'. etc.

[V1] Horses don't mind being ridden; Dogs just love to do our bidding  
 Mice find mazes quite relaxin'; Bubbles really cared 4 Michael Jackson  
 but...  
 Bears don't dig on dance!

[V2] Badgies like to play with bells; Lassie lifted kids from wells  
 Elephants like shifting logs; dissection is fun for boys but...  
 Bears don't dig on dance!

[V3] Wee canaries mining coal; ferrets bred to fit down holes,  
 Dogs take blind folk in to town; Kangaroos jump around

Emi7/11 Gmi7/9  
 "Bears are surprisingly disinterested in dancing".

Emi7/11  
 If you go into the woods today, you'd better go in disguise

Gmi7/9  
 If you go into the woods today, prepare for a big surprise

Emi7/11 Gmi7/9 D F#07 Emi  
 Cos every bear that ever there was will gather there for certain  
 because

C G/B Ami G  
 Today the day the bears are having a RAVE

[RAVE BIT IS JUST BASS: ||:E |G |F# |F :|| really]

① All around are grumpy bears hanging out in sullen pairs,  
 sitting there on plastic chairs they just don't dig on dancing!

More Bears just cannot keep the heat, most of them have 2 left feet  
 They like fighting and eating meat and hibernating, lazy pricks,  
 they just don't dig on dancing!



You can hire the best D.J., they won't boogie anyway  
Bears all reckon dancing's "gay", homophobic hairy fuckers...  
just don't dig or dancing!!

**CHORUS**

Bears don't dig or dancin' etc.

**VA**

Dolphins like autistic kiddies; Cats are good for aging biddies,  
Pigeons fly to bring your letters; Sheep get shorn to make your sweaters  
Camels hump, Donkeys haul, a seal can catch a rabbit ball  
I've seen monkeys wearing pants

**BUT BEARS THINK THEY'RE TOO GOOD  
TO DANCE!!** ;)

## ♥ THE SONG FOR PHIL DAoust ♥

[NB this is a work of fiction... any similarities with living or deceased people is coincidental. etc. :)]

This is a song for Phil Daoust

Occasional Guardian Newspaper Journalist

I never ever ever mentioned your name

Or the review that you wrote when I was  
new to this game.

But now the time has come

I think I've dealt with my feelings at last  
I really want to forgive you Phil,

Yeah I wanna put the past in the past, oh oh

And as this is such a big tour, I thought I oughta take the opportunity  
Cos there's a pretty good chance somebody out there will know you  
Maybe they will pass on a message for me:

Just wanna say, P.D., occasional Guardian Newspaper Journalist

That it's been 3 years since you wrote it

And time is very healing

But I still wanna cut big chunks of

flesh out of your stupid face and make your children watch

while I force you to eat them.  
(Yeah I wanna make your children watch you eat your own face-meat!!)

**CHORUS** DING DANG, DING DANG DONG  
THIS IS MY PHIL DAoust JONG  
EVERYBODY SING ALONG, LA LA LA LA LA LA  
I HOPE ONE OF YOUR FAMILY MEMBERS DIES, PHIL  
DING DANG DONG, I'VE WRITTEN YOU THIS SPECIAL SONG  
TO HELP YOU GET THE ATTENTION YOU OBVIOUSLY DESPERATELY LACK

And I know that you're a smart man, and with such a fine mind I guess it has to be hard to resist throwing narcissistic intellectual tantrums in the supermarket aisle of your self-regard. Just wanna say Phil Daoust, I know ~~it~~ it must be really hard to be a journalist, what with deadlines always looming and the pressure to be entertaining... so maybe you should quit & get a job that you'd be better at, like killing yourself, you fucking cunt.

**CHORUS** Ding dang... la la la i hope something you love catches on fire, phil,  
ding dang dong, i've written you this special song to show how far i've come along in my efforts to be more mature in the face of negative feedback.

(you fucking poo-face)  
xxx

IF YOU REALLY loved me the way you say you do

IF YOU LOVE ME HALF AS MUCH AS I LOVE you

You would pluck a Planet from the sky

You'd use a Star to dot the 'i' in

I LOVE YOU

THIS IS WHAT YOU'D DO...

You'd take a dreary day and...

you would paint it BLUE

If you loved me unconditionally

THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT YOU WOULD DO FOR ME

BECAUSE I NEED YOU

LIKE a fish needs the sea

LIKE a fire needs oxygen

LIKE a flower needs a bee

and IF you REALLY Care for me

You'd LET ME VIDEO YOU WHILE YOU WEE

...standing up in the bath

I shouldn't even have to ask (?!)

Perhaps you'll even store a little more in a flask

THESE ARE JUST THE THINGS THAT PEOPLE DO

when their love for one another is TRUE

BA DOO DOO

We go together (me + you)

LIKE Toast and Pate

LIKE Racism and ignorance

LIKE Jews and Hogmanay

and if you REALLY want to show you care

You'd let me wear your underwear

When we visit your Mum

... for a bit of harmless fun

I just like talking about your childhood

with some lace between my buns

There's no reason for a big to-do

if your LOVE for one another is true

WE GO TOGETHER

LIKE a bird and a nest

LIKE Internet and kiddie-porn

LIKE Guns and The U.S

and if you love me like you say you do

You'd purchase 40 cockatoo

AND TEACH THEM TO FLY

in formation in the sky

and shit the words

TIM IS GOD!

on my ex-girlfriend's Hyundai

Sure, it might be easier with Doves

BUT SHIRKING CHALLENGES IS NOT

WHAT LOVE'S ALL ABOUT

LOVE IS NOT ALL WINE AND ROSES

SOMETIMES IT'S HANDCUFFS AND CHEESE

# Storm

Inner North London, top floor flat,  
All white walls, white carpet, white cat,  
Rice Paper partitions,  
Modern art and ambition.  
The host's a physician,  
Bright bloke, has his own practice,  
His girlfriend's an actress -  
An old mate of ours from home -  
And they're always great fun  
So to dinner we've come.

The fifth guest is an unknown,  
The hosts have just thrown  
Us together as a favour  
Cos this girl's just arrived from Australia  
And she's moved to North London  
And she's the sister of someone  
Or has some connection.

As we make introductions  
I'm struck by her beauty,  
She's irrefutably fair  
With dark eyes and dark hair,  
But as she sits  
I admit I'm a little bit wary  
Cos I notice the tip of the wing of a fairy  
Tattooed on that popular area  
Just above the derriere  
And when she says "I'm Sagittarian"  
I confess a pigeonhole starts to form...  
And is immediately filled with pigeon  
When she says her name is Storm.

Conversation is initially bright and light hearted  
But it's not long before Storm gets started:  
"You can't know anything,  
Knowledge is merely opinion",  
She opines, over her Cabernet Sauvignon  
Vis-a-vis  
Some unhippily  
Empirical comment made by me.

"Not a good start", I think.  
We're only on pre-dinner drinks  
And across the room  
My wife widens her eyes,  
Silently begs me, "Be Nice" -  
A matrimonial warning  
Not worth ignoring,  
So I resist the urge to ask Storm  
Whether knowledge is so loose-weave  
Of a morning  
When deciding whether to leave  
Her apartment by the front door  
Or the window on the second floor.

The food is delicious and Storm -  
Whilst avoiding all meat -  
Happily sits and eats  
As the good doctor - slightly pissedly -  
Holds court on some anachronistic  
Aspect of medical history  
When Storm suddenly insists,  
"But the human body is a mystery!  
Science just falls in a hole  
When it tries to explain the nature  
of the soul."

My hostess throws me a glance -  
She, like my wife, knows there's a chance  
I'll be off on one of my rare but fun rants,  
But I shan't.  
My lips are sealed.  
I just want to enjoy my meal.  
And although Storm is starting to get my goat,  
I have no intention of rocking the boat...  
Although it's becoming a bit of a wrestle  
Because - like her meteorological namesake -  
Storm has no such concerns for our vessel:

"Pharmaceutical companies are the enemy,  
They promote drug dependency  
At the cost of the natural remedies  
That are all our bodies need.



They are immoral and driven by greed.  
Why take drugs when herbs can solve it?  
Why use chemicals  
When homeopathic solvents can resolve it?  
I think it's time we all returned to live  
With natural medical alternatives."

And try as hard as I like,  
A small crack appears  
In my Diplomacy-Dike.  
"By definition", I begin  
"Alternative Medicine", I continue  
"Has either not been proved to work,  
Or been proved not to work.  
Do you know what they call alternative  
medicine that's been proved to work?  
Medicine."

"So you don't believe  
In any Natural Remedies?"

"On the contrary actually -  
Before we came to tea  
I took a natural remedy  
Derived from the bark of a Willow tree,  
A painkiller that's virtually side-effect free.  
It's got a weird name...  
Darling, what was it again?  
Maspirin? Baspirin?  
Ah, Aspirin!  
Which I paid about a buck for  
Down at my local drugstore."

The debate briefly abates  
As our hosts collect plates,  
But as they return with desserts  
Storm pertly asserts,

"Shakespeare said it first:  
There are more things in heaven and earth  
Than exist in your philosophy.  
Science is just how we're trained to look at reality.  
It doesn't explain love or spirituality.  
How does science explain psychics?  
Auras? The afterlife? The power of prayer?"

I'm becoming aware  
That I'm staring,  
I'm like a rabbit suddenly trapped  
In the blinding headlights of vacuous crap.  
Maybe it's the Hamlet she just misquoted

Or the sixth glass of wine I just quaffed  
But my Diplomacy Dike groans  
And the asshole held back by its stones  
Can be held back no more.

"Look, Storm, I don't mean to bore ya  
But there's no such thing as an Aura.  
Reading Auras is like reading minds  
Or tea leaves or star signs or meridian lines  
These people aren't plying a skill,  
They're either lying or mentally ill.  
Same goes for those who claim to hear God's  
demands  
And Spiritual Healers who think they  
have magic hands.

By the way,  
Why is it OK  
For people to pretend they can talk to the dead?  
Is it not totally fucked in the head  
Lying to some crying woman whose  
child has died  
And telling her you're in touch with  
the other side?  
I reckon that's fundamentally sick.  
Do we need to clarify here  
That there's no such thing as a psychic?  
What, are we fucking two?  
Do we actually think that Horton Heard a Who?  
Do we still think that Santa brings us gifts?  
That Michael Jackson didn't have facelifts?  
Are we still so stunned by circus tricks  
That we think that the dead would  
Wanna talk to pricks  
Like John Edward?"

Storm to her credit, despite my derision  
Keeps firing off clichés with startling precision,  
Like a sniper using bollocks for ammunition.

"You're so sure of your position  
But you're just closed-minded.  
I think you'll find  
That your faith in Science and Tests  
Is just as blind  
As the faith of any fundamentalist"

"Hm that's a good point, let me think for a bit...  
Oh wait, my mistake,  
That's absolute bullshit.  
Science adjusts its views

Based on what's observed.  
Faith is the denial of observation  
So that Belief can be preserved.  
If you show me that, say, Homeopathy works,  
Then I will change my mind,  
I'll spin on a fucking dime,  
I'll be embarrassed as hell,  
But I will run through the streets yelling,  
'It's a miracle! Take physics and bin it!  
Water has memory!  
And while its memory  
Of a long lost drop of onion juice seems infinite  
It somehow forgets all the poo it's had in it!

You show me that it works and how it works  
And when I've recovered from the shock,  
I will take a compass and carve 'fancy that'  
On the side of my cock."

Everyone's just staring now,  
But I'm pretty pissed and I've dug this far down,  
So I figure, in for penny, in for a pound...

"Life is full of mystery, yeah,  
But there are answers out there.  
And they won't be found  
By people sitting around  
Looking serious  
And saying, 'Isn't life mysterious?  
Let's sit here and hope!  
Let's call up the fucking Pope!  
Let's go watch Oprah  
Interview Deepak Chopra!'

If you're going to watch telly,  
You should watch Scooby Doo.  
That show was so cool,  
Cos every time there was a church with a ghoul  
Or a ghost in a school,  
They looked beneath the mask and  
what was inside?  
The fucking janitor or the dude who runs the  
waterslide!  
Because throughout history  
Every mystery  
Ever solved has turned out to be  
Not Magic.

Does the idea that there might be knowledge  
Frighten you?  
Does the idea that one afternoon

On Wiki-fucking-pedia might enlighten you  
Frighten you?  
Does the notion that there may not be a  
supernatural  
So blow your hippy noodle  
That you would rather just stand in the fog  
Of your inability to Google?

Isn't this enough?  
Just this world?  
Just this beautiful, complex,  
Wonderfully unfathomable  
Natural world?  
How does it so fail to hold our attention  
That we have to diminish it with the invention  
Of cheap, man-made myths and monsters?  
If you're so into Shakespeare  
Lend me your ear:  
'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw perfume on the violet...  
is just fucking silly.'  
Or something like that.  
Or what about Satchmo?

'I see trees of green,  
Red roses too...'  
And fine, if you wish to  
Glorify Krishna and Vishnu  
In a post-colonial, condescending,  
Bottled-up and labelled kind of way,  
Then that's ok.  
But here's what gives me a hard-on:  
I am a tiny, insignificant, ignorant bit of carbon.  
I have one life, and it is short  
And unimportant...  
But thanks to recent scientific advances,  
I get to live twice as long  
As my great great great uncles  
and auntses.  
Twice as long to live this life of mine.  
Twice as long to love this wife of mine.  
Twice as many years of friends and wine,  
Of sharing curries and getting shitty  
At good-looking hippies  
With fairies on their spines  
And butterflies on their titties.

And if perchance I have offended,  
Think but this and all is mended:  
We'd as well be 10 minutes back in time,  
For all the chance you'll change your mind."



(The Christmas Song) ①

**F**  
I'm looking forward to Christmas

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F**  
It's sentimental I know but I just really like it

**F**  
I am hardly religious

**B<sup>b</sup>** **F**  
I'd rather break bread with Dawkins than Desmond Tutu to be honest

**C** **C7**  
And yes I have all of the usual objections to consumerism

**B<sup>b</sup>**  
To the commercialisation of an ancient religion

To the westernisation of a dead Palestinian

**F**  
Press-ganged into selling Playstations and beer

**C**  
But I still really like it

**F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F**  
I really like Christmas though I'm not expecting a visit from Jesus

**C**  
I'll be seeing my dad

**C7** **A7** **Dmi**  
My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum

**F/C** **B<sup>b</sup>maj7**  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun

**C** **C7** **A7** **Dmi**  
I'll be seeing my dad my brother and sisters, my gran and my mum

**F/C** **B<sup>b</sup>maj7**  
They'll be drinking white wine in the sun

I don't go in for ancient wisdom

I don't believe just cos ideas are tenacious it means they are worthy

I get freaked out by churches

Some of the hymns that they sing have nice chords but the lyrics are spooky

And yes I have all of the usual objections to the miseducation

Of children who in tax-exempt institutions are taught to externalise blame

And to feel ashamed and to judge things as plain right or wrong

But I quite like the songs

I'm not expecting big presents

The old combination of socks, jocks and chocolates is just fine by me

Cos I'll be seeing my dad

My brother and sisters, my gran and my mum

They'll be drinking white wine in the sun

I'll be seeing my dad my brother and sisters, my gran and my mum

They'll be drinking white wine in the sun

**B<sup>b</sup>add2** **F/A**  
And you my baby girl my jetlagged infant daughter

**Gmi7** **C11**  
You'll be handed round the room like a puppy at a primary school

**B<sup>b</sup>add2** **F/A**  
And you won't understand but you will learn one day

**Gmi7**  
That wherever you are and whatever you face

**C11** **A7** **Dmi** **F/A**  
These are the people who'll make you feel safe in this world

**B<sup>b</sup>add2**  
My sweet blue-eyed girl

**B<sup>b</sup>add2** **F/A**  
And if my baby girl when you're twenty-one or thirty-one

**Gmi7** **C11**  
And Christmas comes around and you find yourself nine thousand miles from home

**Gmi7** **F/A** **B<sup>b</sup>** **Dmi** **C**  
You'll know what - e - ver comes,

**C7** **A7** **Dmi**  
Your brothers and sisters and me and your mum

**F/C** **B<sup>b</sup>maj7**  
Will be waiting for you in the sun

**C**  
Girl when Christmas comes

**C11**  
Your brothers and sisters, your aunts and your uncles

**A7** **Dmi**  
Your grandparents, cousins and me and your mum

**F/C** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F/A** **Gmi7**  
Will be waiting for you in the sun, drinking white wine in the sun

**C11** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F/A** **Gmi7**  
Baby whenever you come, we'll be waiting for you in the sun

**C11**  
Waiting

**F** **B<sup>b</sup>** **F**  
I really like Christmas. It's sentimental I know

Tim Minchin © 2009